

Mase in '97 (feat. Lil Yachty)

Carnage

Don't you hate when a bitch thinks that we need you?
Bitch hop on your knees all this dick I'ma feed you
You open up bitch, it's so easy to read you
Not once in my life how I thought I should please you
I'm all 'bout my fetti, like Migos, we ready
She suck like spaghetti, Armani, Gianni stuff it all in stefani
Bitch, I'm so original just like fani
I might catch a body, I'm lying, I'm too rich for that
I need two bricks for that, I need to mix with that
What you call your life savings, I bought two whips with that
I rub on her clit cuz I like her response
Drive with the top down when I rock the pot
Got a pound of the breezy, just hopped on like tiggy
Keep Perry with me, he 'bout green like Luigi
I'm knowing you see me, bitch nigga can't beat me
Run the city up
We don't give a fuck
Knuck if you buck
Knock a nigga stuck
Give a fuck about love
Stomp 'em out his stuff
Throw your hood up
Nigga, throw your hood up Real motherfucker, I'm too quick to ducking
I'll park it and sock it but nah, I won't come up
I'm first in the race
I get bored as quick, that's why I can't stay in place
I'm on you like mace
I won't stop spraying til you got a smile on your face
Bitch this fast and I'm Simon, I don't eat no salmon
I don't wear no Calvin's, I'm Leroy like Alvin
These niggas think dollars, I'm thinking 'bout millies
With Uzi in Philly
My mouth lookin chilly, these niggas look silly
Big shouts out to Glizzy, Tokyo and Rizzy
I'm rapping so fast, got that stupid hoe dizzy, her hair looking frizzy
50 gang with me, 50 gang with me, bet you can't choose which one got the semi
Bitch got more hair than Jimmy, bitch granting wishes like Timmy, fuck you
Run the city up
We don't give a fuck
Knuck if you buck
Knock a nigga stuck
Give a fuck about love

Stomp 'em out his stuff
Throw your hood up
Nigga, throw your hood up
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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